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ABSTRACT

This illustrated reader contains a Passamaquoddy version of a traditional Wabnaki legend about the raccoon. It is one of a series of readers containing Passamaquoddy legends and is intended for use in a bilingual education setting. Each page presents the text in the Passamaquoddy language and in a literal English translation. A glossary of unfamiliar and little-used words and a guide to pronunciation are provided at the end of the book. (AMH)

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PESTOMUHKATI ATKUHKAKONOL
PASSAMAQUODDY LEGENDS

ESPONS
RACCOON

FL010335

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION & WELFARE
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Wabnaki Bilingual Education Program
ESEA Title VII, Indian Township, Maine
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The *Pestomuhkati Atkuhkakonol* are traditional Wabnaki legends. These books contain Passamaquoddy versions of the stories as told about eighty years ago by the Hon. Lewis Mitchell of Pleasant Point, and published by John Dyneley Prince as "Passamaquoddy Texts" in Volume X of the Publications of the American Ethnological Society.

Because Mitchell's original texts had been destroyed, the published text was an effort by both men to reconstruct the stories from memory. Consequently, there is in some places a strong English influence on the Passamaquoddy language. Through the efforts of many people at Indian Township and at Pleasant Point, the stories have been re-created from Mitchell's and Prince's written text and retranscribed in the modern writing system. In most places the language of the original is preserved, but in a few cases grammatical and idiomatic changes have been made to conform to modern spoken Passamaquoddy. A special effort has been made to be sensitive to and to preserve the various methods and techniques used in the Algonkian storytelling tradition.

A glossary of unfamiliar and little-used words will be found at the end of the book.

Illustrated by Lee Suta

Kmihqitahamanen

Georgie Big John

yuhtol *Pestomuhkati Atkuhkakonol* nekom nespiwisit.

Mate 'sikinaqsuwatomuwon elikcicihtaq,

weci skicinuwi wolamsotomewakon kisimilukot knicannuk

weckuhyawolotihtit elominihkanikotok.

This series of *Pestomuhkati Atkuhkakonol* is dedicated

to the memory of

George "Georgie Big John" Soctomah

for his unselfish efforts

to convey the cultural richness of the past to future generations.

Translators' Note: The English translation follows the Passamaquoddy test sentence by sentence. The intent is to reproduce accurately the meaning and style of the original, more than to provide an idiomatic English narrative.

ESPONS

Neqt welokiskahk spasahkiw, Laks macewsan, esponsuwehlosu. Qeniyaliyat skitkomiq mecimiw, kisimili acehlosu. Nit pemuhset, solahkiw nihkaniw weckuhyat kci muwin. Komac wolitahasu nemiyat Esponsol. Nitte Muwin 'kisitahatomon nehpahan, tehpu olikisehtaq. Pol 'kotiwsikiyal elimilomahtulit, naka komac 'kotuhpin.

One fine morning, Laks starts walking, having assumed the shape of a raccoon. When he used to roam the earth, he could at that time change himself into whatever form he desired. As he is walking, all of a sudden coming in front of him is a big bear, Muwin. He is very happy to see Espons the raccoon. Right then and there Muwin decides to kill him, if only he can manage it. First, he will punish him for the many ways he has behaved—besides, he is very hungry.

Espons olu nitte macephuwan, 'pistehsinon piqekit opos. Muwin macekeccopskahan. Espons 'kocicihtun elihc opos kipiyat, nittehc na nekom macahan. Espons 'posqentun tahalutehp skat wetomitahamahq Muwiniyil:

"Tan tehc kehsalkiyin naka tan kehsiksomonot wot opos, kattehc kmosoniw. Sehtapisessiyin weciyay, on yakahc kmosonin, nittehc nmehcinan. Nit kattehc ktolikisehtuwon tan qeni apsalokosit opos."

But Espons immediately starts running away, and dives into a hollow tree. Muwin starts uprooting it. Espons knows that the tree will fall, and then he will leave. Espons bursts into song as if he were not worried about Muwin at all.

"However much you dig and however much you push on this tree, you will not catch me. If you back in where I came in, then you will get me —and I will die. But that you cannot do while the hole in the tree is small."

Muwin nutuwat, woiamsotuwal. Kenoq olu nomihtun nit nokomasi kisi nekom kinalokehtun. Wecqipisessilit, Espons 'pokkikalan; 'totolisakolonan tokkiw mehcinelit.

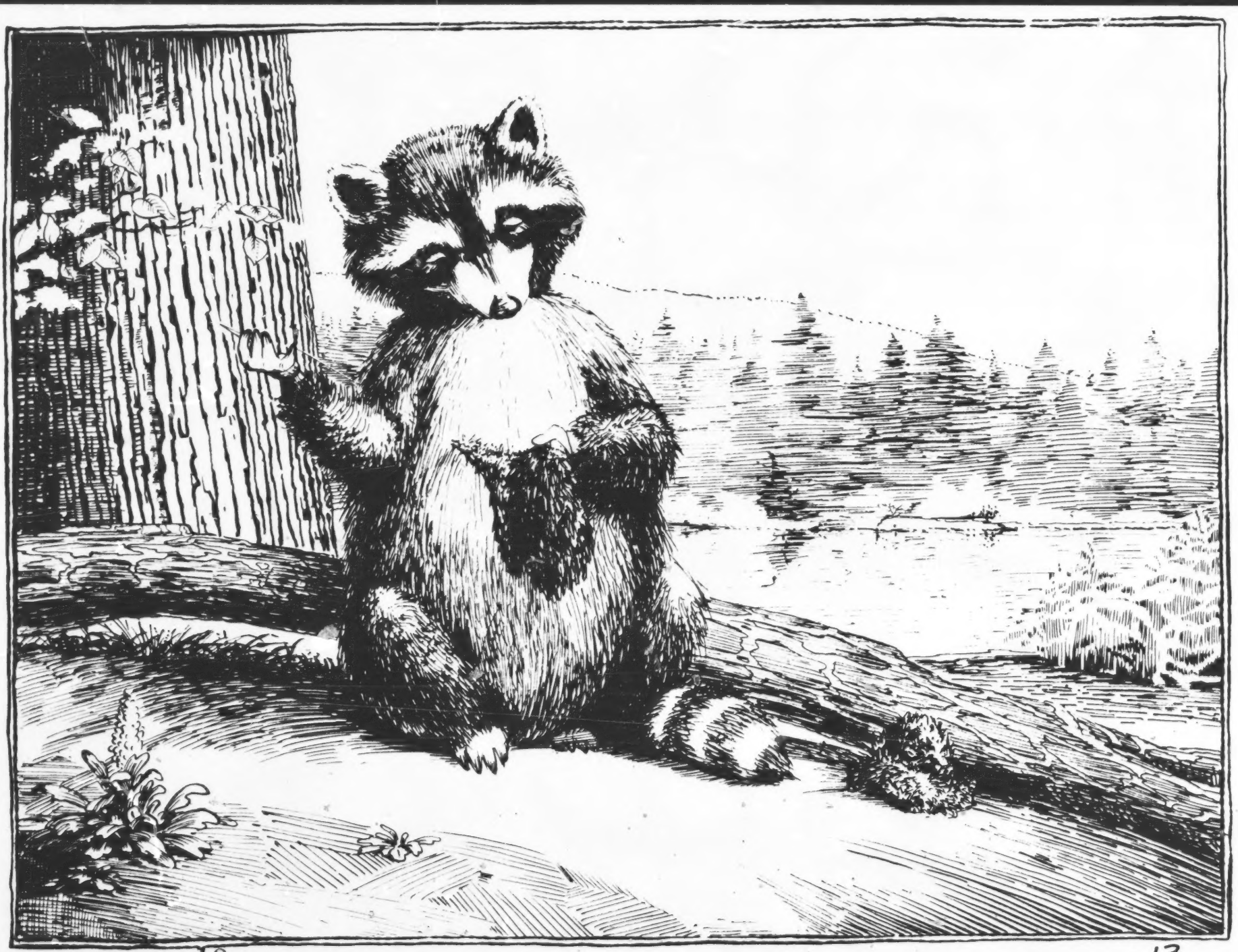
Nit Espons nutiyapekin, 'toliyan mulcessis muwinewiyeya. Apc te mec macewsan.

Kesq yut pemuhset, solahkiw ehtek wikuwam, sakhipkotetek. 'Kossahan, neqtelakutulticik pokomkehsisok lamikuwam. Ulima. 'Tiyan, "Wasistuk, nasqihiq. Ktapenkuloniyakc yukt muwinewiyeyak nmulcessok."

When Muwin hears him, he believes him. However, he sees that he can easily enlarge the hole. When he makes his way in, Espons grabs him; he holds on to him until he is dead.

Then Espons crawls out; he makes little bearskin mittens. And then he resumes his walk.

While he is walking along, suddenly there in front of him is a *wikuwam,* with smoke rising out of the chimney. He enters; there, inside, is a family of baby fishers. He talks to them pleasantly. He says to them, "Children, comb me. I will pay you with these bearskin mittens of mine."



Nit pokomkehsisok nasqahaniya, 'possetokamuwaniya naka 'putuwatomuwaniya 'soqon. Nitte etolikposkinasqahahtit. Etucikotuhpultihtit pokomkehsisok, on mahaniya Espons mulcess. Kisipqonaskihputuhtit wiyuhs, natahqosiniya naka mahaniya.

Espons tuhkiyat, 'kinapoma naka naskahtaqsuwaman. 'Tiyan, "Tan nil muwinewiyeyak nmulcessokk?"

Siktehpayultuwok. 'Toli asitemawal, "Nkisaqosannuk naka nmahanen."

Nitte Espons 'qiltuwan. Nokosanaqot nokkakoskotunenan. Tehpu motehsanol putomacil: mesq na 'tawew. Espons litahasu kattehc kisacomiw.

Then the little fishers comb him—they part his hair and they blow on his tail. They keep grooming him and he falls asleep. The little fishers are so hungry that they eat Espons' mittens. Scraping off the meat, they cook them and eat them.

When Espons wakes up, he stares sharply at them and speaks to them angrily. "Where are my bearskin mittens?" he says.

They are frightened. "We cooked them and ate them," they reply.

Then Espons goes after them. In no time at all, he strangles every one. The youngest is the only one he does not get, but he does not know how to talk yet anyway. Espons thinks he won't be able to tell what happened.

Nit Espons wihqehlan mehcinelicihi pokomkehsis naka 'sehkewolan elkepolasik wecisakhiyat kci pokomk, naka moqtuniyaqhan. Wecilitahasit, "Wecqiwolitahasulticik nicansisok."

Nit wiwisahtehqan. "Etuciwolitahasossultihtit nemiyihtit." Peciyat, kotamate olu wen macessiw. Nit 'piluwitahasin, keqoss wapolessu. Komac nokosaqolopitahasu, msahkeyu.

Solahkite motehsan nutuwal wikuwossol. 'Sakhotqihin elomalokahsok. Mec 'samiwasisuwiw 'kisacomin, kenoq olu komac 'sotuweyu. 'Pokkikatomon mokoses, 'totoluwikhusin elikecalokiqat naka wiwniw 'tunok.

Then Espons picks up the little dead fishers, and, propping their mouths open, stands them up on the path where the big fisher will come by. Then she will think, "My little children are coming so happily."

She hurries towards them. "How happy the little ones are to see me." When she gets near them, none of them moves. Then she becomes suspicious, something is wrong. Very quickly her thoughts change, she is griefstricken.

All of a sudden the littlest fisher hears his mother He jumps out from a little hole. He is still too young to be able to tell what happened, but he is very clever. Grabbing a piece of charcoal, he marks himself around the eyes and around his mouth.

"Aha!" mihtaqsol itomul, "not kahk nkociciya. Espons not!" Nitte na macephoqalan.

Nanakiw tetomihqat Pokomk, wisokiluwehenaqsu. Wiwnapekehtun oposiyahqem tahaluhp skicin.

Espons 'tolapoman. "A . . . kotama kahk oposiyahqem nkisinehpuhukuwon. Pqahqiyasq yaka nehpihit oc."

"Aha!" says his father, Pokomk the fisher, "I know *that* one. That's Espons!" Immediately he starts chasing after him.

Soon Pokomk overtakes him, looking very angry. He swings a club as an Indian would.

Espons looks at him. "Ah . . . a club cannot kill me. A cattail is what will kill me."

Pokomk na 'kocicihtun eliyat: 'toliyan elomiwalcokek, 'peciptun pesqonol, nit tekomat Esponsol tan al etutahket. Nit pasktehson, sipelitwehtehson Espons woniyakonok naka kolomessu elipuspek. Tepot olu 'tolitahasin Pokomk, "Espons nit wilitpan msite nutehtemuwan." On yaka macahan.

Nit Espons etolisankewossit tokkiw Pokomk macahat, nekom na macahan. Kci motewolon kahk nakaw, kenoq wahkehsossu weleyuwacihi. Nit elomiyat, 'pecuhsan eyultihtit kceyawiwok ehpicik etolikonahticihi wasis.

Pokomk knows just where to go for them: he goes down to the swamp, gathers a few, then strikes Espons as hard as he possibly can. They splatter on impact, flow down over Espons' head, and stick where it is wet. But Pokomk thinks, "That is Espons' brain that I have splattered." Only then does he leave.

Espons lies there very still until Pokomk is gone, then he also leaves. He was a great *motewolon*, that one, but there were very few he treated kindly. As he goes further, he comes to a place where many women are nursing children.

'Tiyan, "Komac menakaceyu elimacekoneq wasisok. Nilun nokosakonannuk."

Nikt woli ehpicik 'tiyaniya, "Tan op olu apc tan ntolikisikonanen?"

"Nitte knostumuloniya nilun ellukhotiyek. Pawatomek nokosakiniya, nkihcitapeqithannuk 'samaqanok 'qocitpuhk. Ipa pesq mahkuwiyiq. Knostumuloniyahc ellukhotiyeq kotinokosakoneq."

He tells them, "How very slowly you raise children. We raise them fast."

The good women say to him, "Well, how then are we to raise them?"

"Well, I will tell you what we do. When we want them to grow fast, we soak them in the water all night. Here, let me have one. I'll show you what to do if you want to raise them quickly."

Milaniya peskuwol. Macephan sipuk. 'Ketoloqtahan pqomiyil naka 'pisehlan wasisol. Wespasahkiwik naciphan. Muskehlat, assokitahasultuwok ote ehpicik, eli assokikisehtulit. Nit msite kehsihtit ehpicik 'punaniya nicansisuwa sipuk apc welaqiwik. Nitte na Espons uciwiwisamacahan. Wasisok olu msite wapalokiqewocossultuwok. Mehcinhotuwok.

They give him one. He takes it to the river. He chops away the ice and puts the child in. In the morning he gets him. When he pulls him out, the women are surprised indeed at the wonder of his accomplishment. That night, every one of the women puts her child into the river. At that point, Espons hurriedly departs. But the children's eyes become white with the cold. They all die.

Apc kotok wikuwam 'peciyan, etolelucik ehpicik. Wolikon ewehkehtit motekoninaqahk etolihtuhtit ptoqapiyil. 'Tiyan, "Komac menakacinaqot elilihtweq yuhtol. Nilun nucikansonnuk naciqenomonennul sqotewamkuk. Coke miliq ewehkemok, ktokehkimoloniya."

Milaniya pesqon. 'Punomon etoliksamkotek sqotewamkuk. Wahkehs elinehsemok muskamqehtun. Weluwikhasik, naka wolikon ptoqap. Ahsitahasultuwok. Nitte msiw wiciqenomoniya na nekomaw. Muskehtuhtit, msite wihqihtahtetul naka 'kihkayaqote. Msite wekihtuniyal. On apc macahan.

Again he comes to another *wikuwam*, where there are many women. Using fine skins, they are making pouches. He says to them, "How very slowly you make these. In our homes, we roll them in the ashes. Here, give me the material, I will teach you."

They give him one. He puts it in the hottest glowing part of the ashes. After but a few breaths, he pulls it from the coals. It is a well made and beautifully designed pouch. Now they are convinced they can do it. So all of them roll theirs in the ashes too. When they take them out, every one is shriveled and burnt to a crisp. They have ruined them all. And again he goes on his way.

Mamote peciye kci sipuk. Katte 'kocicihtuwon tan oc 'tolikisiqsokassin. Yut elapit sipuwahkuk, nomiyan pemahqossinulit kci wiwilomeqiyil tahalu liku kci akotalahq. 'Kapu.

Espons 'tiyan, "Muhsumi, qsokahulin okamok."

"Kehtlal, nqenoss, tepess npahkamok." Nitte na macehomon. Kahkakuhsok naka yukt kci kakakok macemalikimaniya. "Keq nikt itomuk sipsisok?" 'toliqecikesin Wiwilomeq.

"Itomuk, *Wiwisay, wiwisaphan not espons kotuwaposiktuwon kpomawsuwakon.*"

Nit Wiwilomeq kotama nomihtuwon ktakmiq. Kesq te eliwisokiyat, mamote 'cocokahtehsin. Epahsiw te peci olonomtehsin sipuwahkuk. Espons 'kahpotatqihin. Wiwisa uciwcimacahan.

Eventually he comes to a big river. He does not know how he is to get across. Looking along the river bank, he sees Wiwilomeq, a giant slug, stretched out—he looks like a big alligator. He is blind.

Espons says to him, "Grandfather, take me across."

"Of course, my grandson, get on my back." Then he starts swimming. At that point, the crows and the big ravens begin to laugh at him. "What are those birds saying?" asks Wiwilomeq.

"They say, *Hurry, go fast with that raccoon if you want to save your life.*"

Wiwilomeq does not see the land in front of him. Hurrying along, he plunges halfway into the river bank. Espons jumps off. He leaves in a great hurry.

Nit elomiyat, 'pecuhsan saqteminihkuk. 'Tiyan, "Tan pal ktolkuwiniya nil muhuleq?"

"Kmockulponc Espons, ipocol nilun msiw psuliminok."

"Nita, kotama kpawalluhpa."

Mecote elomiyat, moskuwa kikcokalokiqemins. "Tan oc ktolkuwiniya muhuleq?"

"Kikcokkulpon ehtahc, nilun msiw kikcokalokiqeminsok."

"A . . . nitte miyaw nil elipawatom," oli asitewtom.

Mitsin. Mamote memihpu. Macahan. Solahkite peci ma seskimiyawomolsiw, stehpal wesikiyiht keqseyal elonomik. On 'kikcokapehlosin. Kotamate wicuhkemkuwon.

Mamote moskomon kawapskek ponapsq, nit esuwacqessit tokkiw mehtwehpusit 'qocik. Mecote toke pemkiskahk wewinaqot eli kotama piyehswihq 'qocik Espons.

Nitte na mehtapeksin.

Going along, he comes to a blackberry patch. He says to them, "How would you affect me if I were to eat you?"

"We would affect you badly, Espons, because we are all choke-berries."

"Oh no, I don't want you."

Continuing on his way, he finds some rose-hips. "How will you affect me if I eat you?"

"We'll make you itch for sure; we are all itch-berries."

"Ah . . . exactly what I want," he answers.

He eats. At last he eats his fill. Off he goes. Suddenly he begins to feel sick, as if something were piercing him. And he proceeds to scratch himself. It does not help him.

At last he finds a rough rock; there he rubs back and forth until the hair comes off his hind end. Still, even today, it can be seen that the raccoon has no hair on his hind end.

And that's the end of him.

LATUWEWAKON

elikecalokiqat: wiwniw 'sisqihkuk

elkepolasik: awtossisok

etolikposkinasqahahtit: etolinasqahahtit tokkiw kewilit

keqoss wapolessu: keq leyu

'ketoloqtahan: 'tuwalokihtahan kosona 'paskoloqihtahan

Laks: skicinuwi wahant

mokoses: peyaqotek opos

moqtuniyaqhan: 'tapqotekomuwan 'tunuwal ewe'iket oposisol

msite: psite

msiw: psiw

nanakiw: mahkiyewossis

neqtelakutulticik: ehpit, skitap, naka nicanuwa mawiwikulticik

nucikansonnuk: nikononnuk

oposiyahqem: oposi tomhikon

peci ma seskimiyawomolsiw: peciksinuhka

piqekit: elomalokosit

'posqentun: macentun

sipuwahkuk: sonuciw sipuk

wahkehs elinehsemok: mahkiyewossis

wihqihtahtetul: 'catokiwol

woli ehpicik: pilkatomuhticik ehpicik

PRONOUNCING PASSAMAQUODDY

VOWELS

a - ah	like the *a* in f*a*ther
e	like the *e* in b*e*d
eh	like the *a* in h*a*t
i - ih	like the *i* in sk*i*
o - oh	like the *o* in apr*o*n (schwa)
u - uh	like the *u* in s*u*e

CONSONANTS

h, l, m, n, w, y, are pronounced as in English.

h is silent before a consonant, pronounced before a vowel.

c	j	(*or* ch*)
k	g	(*or* k*)
p	b	(*or* p*)
q	gw	(*or* kw*)
s	z	(*or* s*)
t	d	(*or* t*)

*when next to ' or next to another consonant, except first person initial *n*

' shows a missing consonant from the old form of the word

BLENDS

aw	like the *ow* in h*ow*
ay	like the *ie* in d*ie*
ew	not found in English
ey	like the *ay* in d*ay*
iw	like the *ew* in f*ew*